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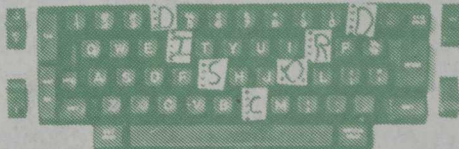
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DISCORDER

That Magazine from CTR FM 102

May 1989 • Issue #76

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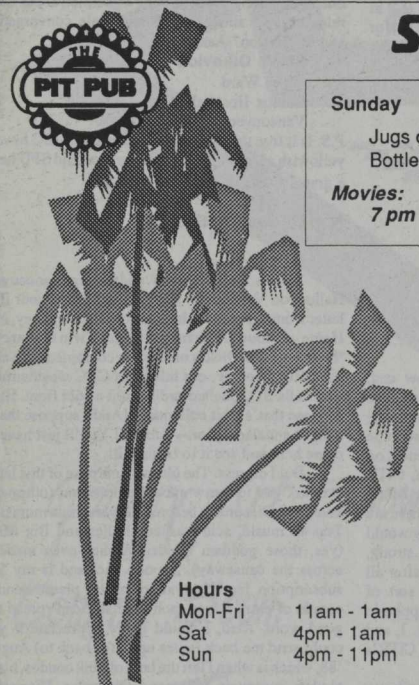
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Sizzling Summer Specials

Sunday

Jugs of Ice Tea
Bottle o' Oly

Movies:
7 pm & 9 pm

Monday

Cæsar
Bloody Mary
Bottle o' Hanks

Tuesday

Bartender's
Root Beer
Bottle o' Hanks

Dancing •

Movies •

Darts •

Satellite TV •

Burger Bar •

Eight • Selections of Beer on Tap

Hours

Mon-Fri 11am - 1am
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Sun 4pm - 11pm

Wednesday

Pepsi Paralyzers
Bottle o' Hanks
Pint o' Hi-Test

Top 40 Night

8:30 pm

Thursday

Highballs
Bottle o' Oly
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CITR Alternative

Friday

Long Island
Ice Tea
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8:30 pm

Rock & Roll 'til Ya Drop Nights

Saturday

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AIRHEAD
c/o CTR
6138 SUB Blvd.
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5

What Was The Point?

Dear Airhead,

Now Yin-Yang (in the April airhead), let me see if I understand your point: things are the way they are because that's the way they are. This is assuming that we're not participating in the general decline of the world.

The environment isn't crumbling or people being repressed by accident. Apartheid, unlike your dick, is not an intrinsic state of nature. It exists because we make it exist. Do you think that a few million whites could effectively repress 25 million blacks all on their own?

Don't be a sucker. It happens because the western world (that means you and I) actively support it. To change it we must actively support the people who are trying to change it.

Simple eh?

But if you're too much of an old lady to do anything, that's fine. Go to the mall, be petty, live life to the fullest. But never, ever equate being trendy with actually caring.

Peter Pie Face

P.S. Knowledge without action is ignorance. Steven Biko wasn't a yuppie.

Are You With The Band?

Sweet Airhead O' Mine

Yo! We're two kinda alternative guys who really dig CTR—You guys are crazy! We're really into this '70's revival bit—Fuckin' A! Not only do we like the Metal "tunage", but we also figure that if the trend continues, punk should be cool again in about four years (give or take 2-3-4 months) and then we can wear our Dead Kennedys T-shirts and start hanging out at Odyssey Imports again. But we're a little perturbed at a recent incident concerning CTR and our favourite new band—Axl Rose's *Hose*. We tuned in to hear our favourite DJ—that balls-up guy NARDUWAR—cuz he was supposed to interview those aforementioned Rock Gods. But get this babe, all we heard was "Hello Vancouver—Look out you motherfuckers" and then they were cut off—we timed it—it only takes seven seconds for the boys in the "Hose" (Gizzy Stradum, Buster Hymen, Pud Metuggit, Snatch and Cherry Finger) to say "Hello Vancouver—Look out you motherfuckers"—Is that censorship or what? I've heard people say that right on word before on CTR, what's the friggin' prob? We are aware that Snatch threw some vodka bottles around the SUB and the band was picking up so many hot babes that the Proctor got jealous—but hey, they'd been on the road a long time, far from their home in Hollywood, California—they're just sensitive artists, and had to blow off some steam! We're also upset cuz NARDUWAR got suspended—without him to listen

to we got no social life (except when GRUNT is playing). What?—is CTR becoming part of the totalitarian-police state-Fascist-Imperialistic-CIA-lackey-Nazi squad? We reserve sincere hope that this is not a truism. Anyway, bring back NARDUWAR, bring back the *Hose*—Rock Against Censorship! Sincerely yours,

Two rockin', but angry alternative guys,
Brad Scott & Laurent

It was all just a misunderstanding, okay? Narduar has served his one month sentence and is now back on the air. And we think he's a better dj and person for this whole experience. And remember, you can say motherfucker on the air but it must be non-gratuitous and in context. For example, if the drunk and disorderly band had read some of their poetry which just happened to contain the word motherfucker at some point. That would be acceptable. Understand?

Montreal Is Heard From

Dear CTR Folks:

I can't help noticing what a good bunch of stuff you always have on your demos 'n' cassettes list. Okay, you're helped by the fact that, unlike in Montreal, bands don't put out albums after they've done four gigs, but it's still an impressive list.

So anyway, I'm writing to encourage you (especially any local/demo show hosts) to encourage your local musicians to get demos off to us here at Og. The West is definitely under-represented on our *It Came From Canada* and other compilations, but that's because we get so few tapes. We listen to everything we get, and write back (albeit slowly), and tapes that are obviously completely out of our style we forward to someone who cares (usually *Musique Underground Canada*).

As for us, we're having fun these days, going back to Europe for two months this summer, recording a few new tunes for a greatest hits record (LP in Germany, CD and cassette in the US), and looking for cool new bands to release. So again, tell people out there to send us more tapes.

Stay hip, look for a new Train in six weeks or so,
Gerard Van Herk
Og/Deja Voodoo
c/o Og Music
Box 182, Station F
Montreal, Quebec
H3J 2L1

And From Comox

Dear Airhead,

I have three questions to ask you: CTR's future transmission power; a subscription to *Discorder*; the downtown Vancouver scene.

A friend of mine, someone you know and, therefore, whose identity I would not like to make public, has informed me that CTR's future transmission power will be greatly enhanced. Will it soon be possible to receive CTR over here, in Courtenay, on the Island? I am sure that, should it happen, CTR would gain a dedicated Northern Vancouver Island audience! Yes, contrary to popular opinion, there are actually quite a few lifeforms over here who would greatly benefit if they were to be given a strong, healthy dose of CTR! It would mean that, after all these years, we would finally gain some sort of understanding about how things actually happen in and around UBC and downtown Vancouver. I, and we, desire feedback from yourself about CTR's future transmission power!

If it is possible I would like to subscribe to CTR's fabulous *Discorder* magazine. Enclosed in this letter is \$2 for at least one issue of the *Discorder*. I would like to know about how much it actually costs for a one-year subscription. If you do send an issue to

me, please note that my real address is listed at the beginning of this letter. Do not send it to the Comox Hospital's Psych Ward because I do not plan on being an inmate here for very much longer! I am going to bust out! Besides, the *Discorder* would not make it past the hospital's official censor (I am supposed to be mentally ill right now and am not allowed to read any literature that is "not in your best interest")!

Speaking of mental illness, just what the hell is it about downtown Vancouver anyways? Why is it that whenever I hang out in the city centre, I get the strange feeling that it is a big, strange, magical gauntlet that innocent people, like Mon Soei, have to run in order to gain something known as social acceptance, or, as I am told by strange "voices", a place in heaven? How come everybody ridicules and laughs at me? Is it really because everybody who is anybody studies either: Economics; Biology; Engineering; or Chemistry; unlike myself who am only capable of (gasp) English Literature (and sometimes Computer Science)? Or is it something else; about how things happen? Something that is mysterious, transcendent, universal, maybe even divine? I asked my therapist and she replied, "As far as I am concerned, you are merely a paranoid schizophrenic telepath and that is just the way that ordinary people relate to other people who are "possessed" by your type of mental condition!"

Aaargh! Okay, I admit it; I am experiencing some mental difficulties right now, but...Aaargh! Downtown Vancouver drives me mad! Is it really because when they hang out in their cute office buildings, they practice Economics, while I, when I hang out in an office building, am only capable of English Literature? What is wrong with us people who study English? Is it because we are too artistic? Not mathematical enough? Only understand Psychology yet are not holistic enough since we are not all that capable of understanding Biology and Chemistry? Maybe what bothers me is the way...Females and males...relate to each other? Yes, I like this one...Something about running a gauntlet; about deep relationships; about female and male convergence and unification? Aaargh!?

Steve Olkovich

Psych Ward
Comox Hospital
Vancouver Island

P.S. Is it true that the people who attend UBC have a yellowish aura while the people who attend SFU have a greenish-bluish-red aura? Why?

And Of Course, Sydney

Dear Mr *Discorder*,

This is Geoff Tanner addressing Vancouver! Hallooooo Vancouver. Hey, I'll bet this is your first letter from the burgeoning metropolis of Sydney, NS. Home of *Smooth Hermans*, whose *Twin Cabaret* is '86 Street and Dick's on Dick's combined! I also have Roy Mercer, our infamous CBC weatherman, who calls BC, Quebec and Detroit a cold front. But I suppose that's a bit colloquial. [And I suppose that's a bit of a malapropism—sub-ed.] You'll just have to come here and see it to believe it!

But I digress. The ultimate purpose of this letter is to ask you to throw me a life preserver (otherwise known as *Discorder*) before I drown in this morass of Top 40 music, acid-washed clothes and Big Macs (yes, those goddam Golden Arches even made it across the causeway). Sooooo enclosed is my \$12 subscription fee. If at all possible, please send a couple of extra issues each time so I can spread the good word. Also, I would really appreciate if you could send me back issues up to (or back to) August '88, which is when I left the land of pink condos, black clothes, mountain bikes and *Discorder*, *Discorder*, *Discorder*!

Geoff Tanner

P.S. Kirk, if you're reading this, send me my \$150 because I'm starving on *Rogeyland*!

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Goddamn Alex Varty in the Georgia Straight said everything about Eugene Chadbourne that I was going to say and then Kevin the Editor tells me they probably won't run this piece until April or May and so I was tempted to paraphrase the Varty article and I bet nobody'd notice. And then I had to spend most of February 12 studying English 355 and 365 and so I'm afraid my perceptions of *The Little Eddy Chatterbox Tour* visit to Vancouver that night are slightly tainted.

I'd give very good odds that when they came up with the name "The Little Eddy Chatterbox Tour" they were working under the influence of the Nevill Coghill translation of *The Canterbury Tales*, specifically *The Manciple's Tale* which clearly states "A chatterbox is hateful to the Lord;/ Here Solomon the wise is in accord." Of course a purist would have used the original Chaucer text which reads, "A jangler is to God abhominable,/ Reed Salomon, so wys and honourable" (*ManT* 343-4). Anyway, Chaucer's spelling is more appealing than Coghill's, and Chadbourne is as much a jangler as he is a chatterbox.

His show featured frequent cameos from the likes of American first lady Barbara Bush and covered a range of contemporary history from Ollie (North)'s *Playhouse* back to John Loves His Dick. (Remember the seventies? Richard "Dick" Nixon and his attorney-general John Mitchell, number one law enforcement agent in the land and arguably the States' biggest lawbreaker.) With Eugene's chatter comes a mess of jangling. Chadbourne, in his own psychotic/bluegrass/jazz fashion, is a formidable guitarist, though frequently the noise he makes degenerates into utter nonsense, kind of like John Cage with monkey glands.

For his finale that night Eugene broke out the rake, a crudely-made device formed from electrician's tape, gardening implements, guitar pickups, and the body of a skateboard (?). Creating all manner of mayhem, Eugene dragged the rake around the Waterfront Theatre stage which just happened to be set up for a production of Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, a play about an ostensibly puritanical magistrate who suddenly develops a yearning to sleep with a nun. You get the idea — corruption of justice. It's the kind of theme that Chadbourne often sinks his chops into.

And so I watched Chadbourne grind the rake into the floor behind a stage prop pillar which, during daytime rehearsals, Duke Vincentio lurks behind as he thwarts the lustful plottings of Angelo. I watched and thought, clever, very clever. The selection of the name Chatterbox, the word that is key to understanding the condemnation of the crow in the *Manciple's Tale*. Clever, clever. Choosing the theatre that just happens to be running *Measure for Measure*, one of Shakespeare's most irritating "problem" plays. It was painfully obvious what they were trying to do to my mind but I wasn't going to give them the satisfaction of breaking down. Run this in July, Kevin, it's not going to get to me. I'll do the interview straight. I'll pretend not to notice all the items carefully placed in my path, so as to push my mind over the brink. All the little coincidences, right down to the twin Henry stickers on Eugene's guitar case, a reminder of my favourite club, Ten-foot Henry's, which used to be on Ninth Street West before the C-train right-of-way came through. That was back in Calgary, of course, where Eugene claims to have spent seven years, after growing up in Colorado, and before going on to New York and later North Carolina.

The interview began with him explaining all he knows about Ten-foot Henry's:

Eugene: I used to walk by that building all the time. It was just a furniture store. There used to be a rumour that there was an illegal strip club on top of the furniture store. You'd sometimes hear somebody on a bus saying, "Strip joint! Strip joint on top of Robbins." This was a long time ago, about fifteen-sixteen years.

Discorder: What questions do you get asked all the time and are sick of answering?

EC: Why did Shockabilly break up?

D: Why did Shockabilly break up?

EC: How did you invent the rake? Does anybody ever get really mad at you about your songs? How did you first start playing guitar?

D: I bet you had a fairly standard upbringing — Mel Bay's *Six Chords to the Stars*.

EC: I didn't really see any of those books till years later when I started teaching guitar for Edward's Music Academy in Calgary. They showed me these books. The Albert System, I'd never even seen them before. I had a guitar and I'd play along with the radio and people would show me stuff. Some guy from California finally showed me some chords. He said, "You have to play chords." For a few years I wasn't playing chords. I tried to play an F once and it was like (grimaces) "My God" — I gave up. I had to learn to play the stuff out of a Bob Dylan songbook. I started playing 'cause I saw the Beatles on TV and I realised that girls liked them. I thought here's something you can do to get girls and you don't have to play sports. That was the original motivation — to get girls. Later I got more interested in music.

D: Do you like playing with groups?

EC: I like being by myself mostly, and doing projects with groups that have a finite end. I don't like having a real long involvement with somebody with every aspect of what's going on. It gets kind of old and you have to compromise a lot of things as a result.

D: On your album *I've Been Everywhere* you've got a Jewish woman telling about her experiences in Nazi Germany.

EC: Ya, that's my mom. She did a documentary for cable TV back in Calgary with a Hungarian woman. They gave me a video cassette of it. I found some sections I liked and used for this project. I started on it about a year after she died. She doesn't know it but she's getting more airplay than me now.

D: Is that where you get a lot of your social views from — the fact that you've got that history in your family?

EC: There's two sides to it. I've got a lot of respect for what she went through, at the same time in my childhood we fought constantly

about nothing. As soon as I grew my hair out it was the last thing I ever heard about. I remember her looking for me at some Grateful Dead concert and she said she wanted to drop a bomb on the hippies. There's two sides — the things she went through you can appreciate — but a lot of people like her became reactionary when they came to America. Her parents were even worse. At least my parents were opposed to the war in Vietnam, but my grandfather became this insane anti-communist. He kept a club under his bed to hit the hippies in case they came in the middle of the night.

D: Do people get mad at your songs?

EC: Well, a few.

D: I noticed during **Woman Against Pornography** a few women sitting back and kind of crossing their arms.

EC: Sometimes I'll get a bad reaction on that from some people but they have to think about it — the lyrics and what I'm trying to say. At least there are some issues that are controversial. Not everybody agrees on everything. It's funny.

D: Do you like preaching to the converted —

EC: Well that's one thing that happens.

D: — when you can say anything and the audience goes "YA, YA!", or do you like it when there's a bit of tension?

EC: I think a little bit of tension is good sometimes. You can't avoid the other thing though. They're converted and you agree, so? But I can give them a little bit of a release. I can come up with a humorous song that will make people laugh at something that concerns them.

D: You first heard Phil Ochs in Colorado?

EC: Ya, I used to hear him at the University of Colorado. He was definitely a big influence — seeing him play solo, and all the different messages he put across and the different styles of music he played. It was a real inspiration. Also Tim Buckley was an inspiration. He had a band that was really stretched out. The guitar player opened my ears up, this guy he had playing lead, Lee Underwood. He was sort of acoustic/electric, folk, jazz, country; sort of mystical lyrics.

D: I've seen you in a couple magazines. You write a lot.

EC: Well, as much as I have time for.

D: Do you write every day? Do you keep a journal?

EC: No. I have a real hard time even keeping up with the little things I have to do. When I'm in Europe I try to keep a journal. I keep that pretty regularly there.

D: You do 2000 words an issue for Maximum Rock and Roll.

EC: It's not every issue. I miss a lot.

D: Did they call you or did you call them?

EC: They asked me for a couple years before I could finally get it together.

D: Do you get a lot of response?

EC: I try to get response. It's hard to get things that interest people. The most response I ever got was saying they should legalise drugs. I got so many letters complaining about that. This generation now is really anti-drug. They get really upset about that. I was thinking about writing about it again just to piss off more people.

D: How's the response to your Free Trade article going?

EC: I'm waiting to see. It was just in pretty recently. I just want to get people to talk about it because it seems like there hasn't been much discussion. I've had a lot of people who just don't understand what's going on.

D: They say you've got an autobiography coming out.

EC: I'm trying to get it published. I haven't found a publisher yet. They'll touch it. They'll read it. But they don't want to print it.

JB Hohm



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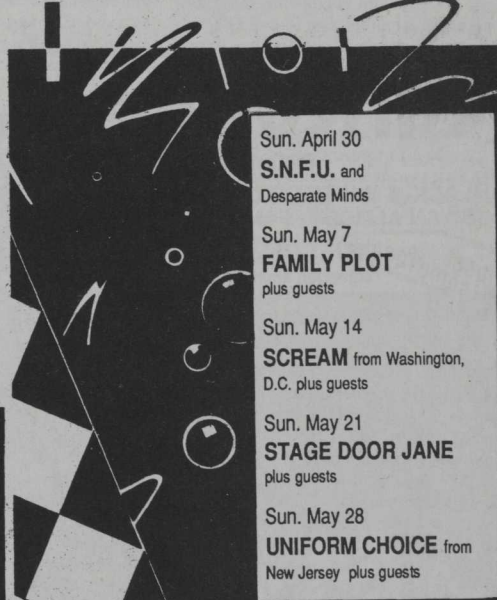
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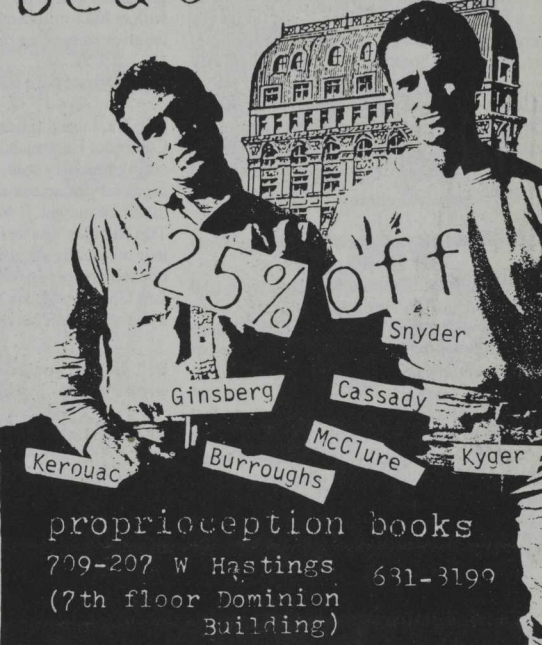
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RED HOTS

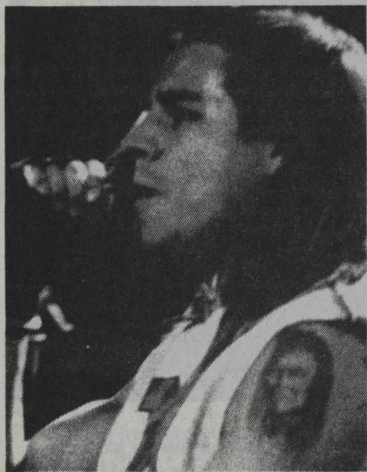


Photo: Mandel Ngan

After a couple of cancellations, the Red Hot Chili Peppers finally saw fit to make a return visit to our sleepy little town on March 31. The Peppers have a well deserved reputation for putting on great live shows. The high-speed funk they blazed through and their seemingly endless onstage energy made it an evening to be reckoned with. However, for me, an innocent, young, smalltown boy, it was more than just a concert, it was an evening when the whole rock and roll lifestyle was revealed to my uninitiated eyes. It was a good thing my mother decided to opt out at the last minute...

The Red Hot Chili Peppers have been something of a band in turmoil as of late. This is mostly because of the death of guitarist Hillel Slovak last year due to a heroin overdose. Consequently, founding member and drummer Jack Irons decided that it was time to step out of the scene that had killed his friend, and left the band. It was then up to the remaining two members, vocalist Anthony Kiedis and bassist Flea, to either establish a new lineup, or fold. Not surprisingly, they chose the former option. New drummer D.H. Pellgro, formerly of the Dead Kennedys, and guitarist John Frusciante have rekindled the fire of the Peppers. A follow up to their 1987 album *The Mofo Uplift Party Plan* is said to be soon forthcoming.

There are many types of bands and only a few ways to see them. Basically the choice is between seeing a band with or without artificial enhancement. The Chili Peppers are essentially a loud, fast, brash party band and, they being them, the day being a Friday, and me being me, I saw them quite drunk. From what I could see and hear in my state the band was musically extremely tight and more than just a little impolite. Anthony's lyrics and song intros were essentially insults directed to the audience or trib-

utes to The Chili Pepper's sexual supremacy. However, judging by the way the Commodore's spring-loaded dance floor was bouncing, this was not really an issue for us inebriated partiers. After only one encore the Red Hot Chili Peppers left the stage, middle fingers raised, shouting at the crowd to "fuck themselves". This not only convinced me that these guys had bad manners, but also that interviewing them might not be a continuation of the party.

I had no tape recorder and no real questions I wanted to ask the band. It seemed to me that everything about them was pretty straight forward. Their music is "in your face" funk/punk and is an extension of their "life is one big party" attitude. The combination of these two elements is the key to their success. Despite realising that my speech was somewhat slurred, and being really quite hot and tired, there I was, hanging around backstage waiting for the doorman to clear things with the band. After about fifteen minutes I was given the okay to proceed to the dressing room. About a dozen girls were packed into a room about the size of a shoebox along with Anthony, Flea, John and a very stunned Disorder writer. A roadie walked in, plunked down a cooler full of Corona and handed me one. I noticed that Anthony had an impressive tattoo of a northwest coast style raven across his shoulders. "Do you have a particular interest in northwest coast Indian art?" I asked, thinking that this would be a good place to start. He grabbed a beer, looked at me, and then strode past me into the hallway muttering, "No, I just have a respect for their way of life." Flea was busy telling a fan that the new album would be due out quite soon so I decided to try to ask him a question or two when he was free. Meanwhile, John was busy talking to a black clad young girl;

looking very interested as she blurted, "Oh, I just love L.A., it's such a beautiful place..." It was enough to make me wish I was safe at home in my bed where stupid things only happen in my dreams.

"Hello Flea," I said, "I was wondering how you got your nickname?"

"My friend Tree gave it to me," he grunted.

"How about the name of the band, how did that come about?" I asked, thinking that such a great name must have required a lot of thinking and argument. He half turned as if to walk away and said, "We just thought of it." Then he strode back towards the stage. Things were not going well, but I decided to follow him out and try again.

The Commodore was now nearly empty. John had left the dressing room and was now sitting on the edge of the stage listening to a different girl. "Where did you get the cool hairdo?" she gushed, stroking his scalp longingly. I decided that he probably would not be interested in chatting. Anthony was also talking to someone, although occasionally he would glance over at me and look annoyed that I was still around. Admittedly, I was feeling pretty stupid, so I asked Flea another question.

"How did the Red Hot Chili Peppers get started?" Flea slowly looked up from the floor, "Anthony and I met in high school." I asked if there was any real story or anything that might make my interview interesting. "No," he said, "there is no story." I swallowed another gulp of beer and played my last card. "When you were auditioning new members for the band, what were you looking for?"

Flea looked up at me and tiredly mumbled, "Look, we don't have to do this. This is a bore."

"You're right, it is," I said, "thank you very much for your time."

As I took a swig out of my bottle of Corona, which had since grown warm from sweaty palms, I mulled over the prospect of a country home far, far away from the romance of rock and roll. I stepped out onto Granville and back into reality, amazingly none the worse for my illusion shattering experience.

Michael Leduc



Photo: Mandel Ngan

That Petrol Emotion



photo: Mandel Ngan

As they say, he's all arms and legs and hair. Flailing and bobbing about the stage is Steve Mack, lead singer and all-round energy pack for That Petrol Emotion. Not for a moment is this ragged urban Howdy Doody of a vocalist motionless. Possessing a body consisting of one large sinew, the TPE frontman ricochets around the stage, glancing off invisible objects like an all too excited young colt that has just not quite found its legs yet; friendly and harmless but chock full of get up and go. Egged on by the too loud, post-Beefheartian popmeister twin guitar attack of the rest of the group, Mack puts on a high energy display that, if tapped, could solve all of our BC Hydro problems.

It's now three albums along in the career of this Irish/American band. Three different labels as well. First, Manic Pop Thrill on the independent Demon label. Then, in order to make a living, to Polydor for their second release, Babble. They didn't care too much for the management so when the label mistakenly failed to re-sign them, TPE took off to Virgin. End of the Millenium Psychosis Blues is now out. And with an album comes a tour. And with a tour, an interview. Disorder recently spoke to drummer Claran McLaughlin.

You put specific statements on the album sleeves but your songs are more general in nature. Why?

That is deliberate because with a lot of the so called political bands of the past, their songs didn't amount to that much because they were tailored to a political ideal. First and foremost, we're a pop band. We write pop songs but at the same time we're trying to raise awareness of a problem in Northern Ireland, especially for people in England because it's basically England's problem. The amount of people who aren't aware of what's going on is frightening. That's part of the problem. The only way to solve a problem is to become aware of it and address yourself to it. What we're trying to do is raise the profile of the Irish situation. Hopefully the people who read the sleeves will go away and find out more about it. They may disagree with us, but at least they're better informed. All we're trying to do is be an information service.

How can a North American audience relate to that or do you expect it to get across?

The songs have been deliberately written so they can be applied to political situations in the rest of the world. Even the sleeves I suppose. There are parallels between Northern Ireland and the Middle East, South Africa and Central America; where there are injustices going on. It's up to people to use their own initiative. It's a matter of applying it to your immediate situation because there's injustices throughout the world.

It seems that the band is coming together in a very focused way, despite everyone writing songs, when you compare the three albums.

The last lp was very diverse and I think that reflected our confidence at the time. We were quite prepared to record a song like Groove Check and also record a song like Cellophane. There are very few records where you can find

two songs as different as that. We're now playing 7 or 8 new songs. I think we've stepped in a different direction again; the songs are a hell of a lot more guitar based, much more straight forward. Better songs to play live, also. A lot of the songs on the last album don't come across live. So we're changing again. And again the song-writing is spread throughout the group.

I've always considered TPE to be different but obviously there are influences.

A lot of bands try to say that what they are doing is completely original. But we've never said that. We're very aware of our influences. It's inevitable that what you play and listen to is going to affect what you do. That comes through on our new songs. We're listening to groups like Sonic Youth, The Pixies, Dinosaur Jr. We don't see anything wrong with acknowledging your influences.

Where is the group based now?

London.

Does that change your perspective on Northern Ireland?

Inevitably. That's a good question. That is something I've felt more and more. I've lived in London now for four and half years and I almost feel not aware enough to comment on Northern Ireland anymore. You do feel less qualified to speak because the only way you can comment on a situation like Northern Ireland is to actually live there. Even though I lived there for 21 years, for the last 5 years living in England it has been difficult to keep in touch with what's going on in the day to day reality. When I go back on holidays, it suddenly brings it all back; what it's really like to live there. It's very easy to comment on things sitting in London. I think sometimes now we've been there so long we're not really qualified to do that.

Do you feel a sense of loss for having left?

You do have a sense of loss for the good things but I'm also glad to get away.

Why did you choose Roli Mosiman as producer?

When we were writing the songs for Babble, we heard a group from Switzerland called the Young Gods who Roli had produced. We were knocked out by the single Envoye. We thought it was the best thing we had heard in years and we still do. We were actually friends with the Young Gods anyway. So we got in touch with Roli through them. He had never heard any of our material but he agreed to do our album solely because we liked the Young Gods. He thought that if we liked them then we must be good.

We wanted to do something aggressive. We were listening to the Swans, Jim Foetus and the Young Gods. We wanted to sound like that - aggressive and big.

Was there record company resistance to Roli Mosiman producing?

No. I was surprised because at the time we half expected the people to go, "Who?" They went "Who?" but also said "Go right ahead." So far each label has given us a free hand. With the fourth lp, Virgin might say they want some input in the choice of producer. Hopefully, we'll pitch someone they'll agree to so we won't have to go through that.

Why did you move from Demon to Polydor?

Because we wanted to make a living. We were actually getting social security in Ireland. It was impossible to do that and also tour because to receive social security you have to be present at your home all the time. We also wanted to have enough money to make the record we wanted to make.

The change from Polydor to Virgin was basically due to a change in management in the English branch of Polydor. The managing director who signed us and was completely behind the band left to work for Paul McCartney. The replacement didn't like the band, and wasn't sympathetic to our ideals. They told us that if we didn't start selling a load of records very soon we'd be in trouble.

At the same time this happened, their lawyer misread our contract. They forgot to pick up on our option so we were free to leave the label. They had to resign us with a stated period and that period had elapsed. So we were a free agent again and felt it would be best to move on.

Why did you sign on to Virgin?

Basically it had to do with our manager at the time who favoured Virgin. Having signed to Virgin we have to say we were unhappy with the English branch of the label's handling of the lp when it came out, but the American branch has been great. They're a young company in America. A lot of the people who work for them are the same age as us and have come from college radio.

What does Virgin expect of TPE?

I don't know. I must admit I don't care. Everytime we go in the studio we make a record we want to do, and just hope the label will agree and think it's a good record as well. Obviously they would like us to sell a lot of records. The model we have is REM who've been going a long time but only in the last few years have begun to break into the mass consciousness. They've been making the records they want to make. Building up a bedrock of support. That's what we want to do. I'd rather have longevity than immediate success.

You seem to be able to maintain the integrity of what you put out.

That was part of the deal in major labels. We insisted that we would have control over even the packaging. All the art work has been done by people we've chosen - it's all been done by friends. If the label had said they weren't prepared to give us that then we wouldn't have signed.

In Tension you say 'Nothing ever changes/ Don't ask me why.' It seems a negative sentiment for a band so adamant about change.

One of Ireland's problems is immigration. A lot of the creative people, young people especially, opt out of Ireland, usually between the ages of 20 to 35. That's too bad because that's a time in life when you're naive enough to think you can change things.

We live in London because it's impossible for a pop group to survive in Ireland. There's no place to play. There's no independent labels. There's nothing.

In the song Here It Is, Take It, there is the line 'Gotta go back to go forward'. A seemingly similar contradiction.

Gotta go back to go forward is simply looking back to people in history for inspiration.

People have done great things in the past and it can be done again. It's not all doom and gloom. It should have really been 'You gotta look back to go forward.'

The album title End of the Millenium Psycho-sis Blues doesn't sound very uplifting.

No, it isn't. That came from the REM song called It's The End of the World As We Know It. Reamann came up with the idea. We thought it sounded great. The cover is a collage of things that have affected us, both negative and positive.

The title seems to have some humour to it, also.

Ya. A lot of people see us as being completely poe-faced, serious young men, which is not true at all. It annoyed me when people thought we were brow-beaten serious people who never laughed.

There's a quote in Irish on the sleeve of End of the Millenium. What does it mean?

It means, literally, 'Good running is better than bad sitting down.' If something is going badly, it's better to get out than to stay. It's in reference to Britain's policy in Ireland. Britain's been occupying Ireland since the 1100's and, basically, it's been one long battle. They insist on hanging onto six counties. Northern Ireland has developed in a completely different way from Southern Ireland and England simply because of what's going on there. It's almost like it belongs to no one because it's developed in a completely warped fashion.

What changes, if any, do you see occuring in Northern Ireland?

I can't see any at all. It would really need a massive change of heart on the part of both sides

of the community. At the moment I can't see it happening.

Does that mean ongoing violence?

Ya, there's too much history, too many debts to be repaid. I can't condemn someone for not forgetting their brother was killed. It's a natural human response. Unfortunately, violence begets violence. It's to the point I don't want to talk about Ireland because it does depress you. You end up going around in circles. The band has been lucky because no one has suffered directly from the troubles. It's difficult to comment for someone whose father or son has been killed. Naturally, people are going to feel bitter.

Why did you record Bohannon's Dance Your Ass Off (on the Short/Long ep)?

We started doing it live for two reasons. A) It's a good song and B) at that time in England there seemed to be a split, that might have been the creation of the music press, between black dance music and independent pop music. The music press was saying the two were incompatible. We were trying to say that was rubbish. A good song is a good song. We decided to do that song and Me and Baby Brother by War. In retrospect, our version of Dance your Ass Off is rubbish but the original idea behind it was commendable.

How would you sum up the overall aims, or intentions, of TPE?

Basically, I think the ultimate aim is to make great records. For me, the ultimate accolade is that I can file our records alongside my favorite records without feeling embarrassed. Hopefully we can also inspire people to form bands.

Mr. Ed

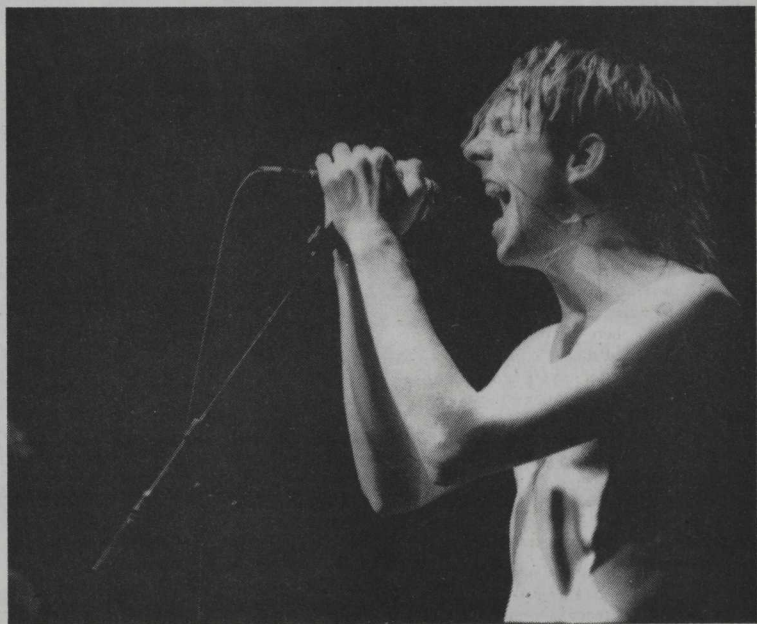


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By Rob Boper

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Consequently, I have returned your package at this time, as it does not fall in line with our present direction in A & R at WEA.

We ask that you forgive this form letter, but the amount of material we receive for consideration prevents us from giving you more specific comments.

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WEA MUSIC OF CANADA, LTD.

Bob Roper/on

Bob Roper
Manager, Artists & Repertoire
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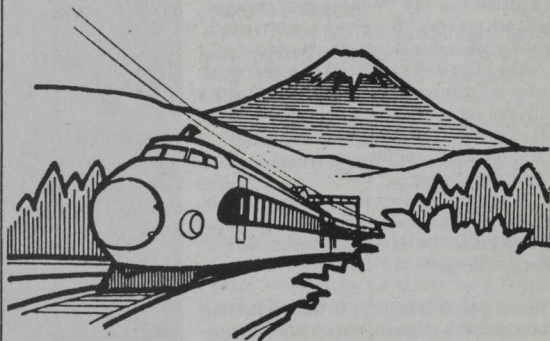
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letter from at least three major labels. And this DO-IT-YOURSELF REJECTIONKIT will give you all the necessary information to make your band look like it, too, has been rejected by the majors. After that, it's just a matter of time until the riches and groupies of the world are yours.

The first thing you need to work on in order to prepare your rejection kit is the cliché. If you can't write in clichés then you have no hope of making your rejection letter look authentic. And a fake rejection can be spotted from miles away. The usual result of being caught with a fake letter is ostracism. Other bands will look at you and say, "Ha, this band is so bad that they can't even get a real rejection letter!" At which point the accuser would whip out his/her own rejection letter, (probably made from this very kit), and further put you to shame.

So you can see why the cliché is so very important. Let's tackle a few examples. (It would be helpful at this time to have a pen and paper handy so that you can practice writing these until you no longer feel they are clichés. Make them staples of your own vocabulary.)

1. 'Thank you for your interest in (record company).' An attempt at demonstrating sincerity on behalf of the label.

2. 'Your project has been listened to, and after careful consideration, we have decided that it is not appropriate for the direction of (record company) at this time.' An effort to make you think that they actually listened to more than the

first song and that their label actually has a direction.

3. 'Please forgive the form letter, but (record company) receives so much material that a personal letter would be impossible.' Expressing the desire to do more but can't due to the limitations of the system.

4. 'Once again, thanks for your interest in (record company) and good luck in the future.' Don't call us, and we won't call you.

As you can see, the cliché is a very important part of record company rejection. As a matter of fact, your entire letter can be made up of only the above four sentences. It's that simple! It is equally important that the name of the record company that is doing the rejecting be mentioned as much as possible, lest you forget who is actually rejecting you.

The next important step in having an authentic looking rejection letter is the signature. As a rule, if you do not know the name of the A&R person of the record company you want to be rejected by, any scribble will do, as long as it is artistic looking and can be interpreted in thirty or forty different ways. There is one important exception to the rule — WEA Records. With WEA, the signature is not done by the actual rejector, but instead he has someone — his wife, daughter, secretary, late night janitor — sign for him. So it is important that you find out who currently does the signing for the head of A&R for WEA if you want to include WEA on your rejection list.

The last thing you need to make it all official is letterhead. This may pose a problem for some people, but this is where creativity and a desire to be rejected come into play. You can visit the record company office of your choice and, posing as a DJ for a certain radio station, enquire about press releases, or an artist bio. Voila, letterhead. Or, if desperation sets in, cut up a record from your collection and paste the appropriate trademarks on a piece of paper. Don't forget to include some kind of return address in the suburbs of Toronto. Scarborough and Mississauga are the two most popular.

Lastly, rejection etiquette. This is very important because if you don't react properly then people will begin to suspect you of being a fake. You must whine that you'll never get signed unless you sell out. And then vow never to do it. Complain that the label obviously doesn't understand you or your music. Blame it all on the system. Blame the Americans. Point out that if only you had (choose one) — a video/more money/high powered manager/more exposure/another chance — then you'd show 'em. And finally swear that you'll never send anything to that label again.

Follow the steps outlined in this easy to follow guide. Acclaim from your friends will soon follow. Work on your clichés, try different fancy illegible signatures, create some letterhead, and practice that hurt artist attitude. Soon, all the rejection in the world will be at your doorstep. What more could you ask for.

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• UNDER • REVIEW

TANITA TIKARAM Ancient Heart (WEA)

Thankfully, England has a 19 year old phenom apart from Rick Astley. Tanita Tikaram reassures us that "young adults" do indeed have some depth. The main depths Tikaram reaches with her husky voice are those of gloom and creativity. The lyrics are haunting and somewhat aimless at times. The music is a potpourri of instruments ranging from the standard bass guitar to a mandolin to a variety of horns. This interesting combination makes for an album that's perfect for a rainy day.

Jess

FAIRGROUND ATTRACTION First of a Million Kisses (WEA)

Schmaltz. Whitney Houston has a British competitor. Big deal! Pass a pleasing platter, please.

Jess

HE SAID Take Care (Mute)

Graham Lewis: One fourth of Wire, one half of Dome and the main man of He Said. This is how the equation of Mr. Lewis seems to add up. In 1986 Lewis releases *Hail* under the banner of the He Said with some additional contributions from Wire/Dome partner Bruce Gilbert. One supposes this was meant to be seen as Lewis' other pop group as opposed to a solo album (usually a dreaded concept). Either way, *Hail* was one of 1986's better releases and a fine alternative from the afore mentioned groups.

Take Care is the long awaited follow up to He Said's debut and A-B type comparisons seem inescapable. Gilbert's absence is quite noticable and thus, much of the quirks and noisy bits that stopped *Hail* from sounding too poppy are ironed out on this album. Can you say accessible? In this case yes. Though that's not necessarily a bad thing and this effort is hardly a sellout. Much of this album is danceable (as opposed to dance oriented).

The song structures are much more basic and less cluttered with noise (sigh). Even Lewis' lyrics are simpler, though in some instances (ie. A.B.C. Dicks Love), his usual word play is still favored. Not even the contributions of Tackhead Keith LeBlanc takes this album into any extremes besides Lewis sounding as close to a rapper as he'll ever get. The one unforgivable low point, however, has to be the inclusions of "ooh my baby" type backing vocals on *Not a Soul*.

All this may make Wire fans throw up their hands in disgust and wonder why bother. Of course, if you haven't heard *Hail*, weren't won over by it or you're not even a fan of Wire's output, then your reaction to this disc may be considerably different since it's not (that) bad. My initial reaction was quite similar to that of Wire's last release *A Bell is a Cup...Until it is Struck*. At first somewhat disappointing but eventually the album grew on me for what it was, instead of what it wasn't. Either way it's worth a listen. "Take Care, He Said".

Paul Clarke

CAMOUFLAGE Voices and Images (Atlantic)

On this record, three German gentlemen show that by taking lessons from David Gahan and Martin Gore, one can learn to speak English, play synthesizers, and even write pop songs. However, Camouflage have managed to create the new Depeche Mode album for fans of the band that can't wait for the real group to produce another one itself. On the band's first single, for example, *The Great Commandment*, Camouflage succeed in carefully combining four or five songs by the aforementioned British band to create an instant hit product. On other album tracks, notably *Stranger's Thoughts and Neighbours*, Camouflage carefully dissect Depeche Mode's *Get the Balance Right* to create a plethora of new tunes. This whole effort is, thus, rather forgettable. It does, however, make a passable industrial album, albeit with Chipmunk vocals, when played at 45 rpm.

J.W.

ROLLINS BAND Do It (Texas Hotel)

This is Rollins' most ferocious album to date. Backed up by a super-heavy funky bass and drums, Rollins, ex-Black Flag punk rock institution/God, screams through nine tunes (three of which are new) filled with angst, aggression and power. The title song, *Do It*, really makes you want to "do" something (probably strange pasty dance-club types) when Rollins screams "Do it, do it do it do it...". Side two was recorded live in Holland and showcases the Rollins band bashing out older Rollins songs like *Black and White*, *Wreckage*, and *Hot Animal Machine*. If you appreciate the man for his nasty attitude and blood-curdling "vocals", you'll love this record. If you don't like Henry Rollins, he probably doesn't care.

Mike Lyseeng

LILAC TIME Lilac Time (Polygram)

Lilac Time is the latest offering ok, England's foremost pop poseur, Stephen Duffy. Having dropped his middle moniker "tin tin" and the overly slick production of *Art of Noise* member Jonathan Jezalik, into the Irish Sea (where, no doubt, his former bandmates, *Duran Duran*, belong), Duffy has gone on to adopt a more guitar based and folk-oriented approach to his music, while maintaining the clever lyricisms and nonchalant vocal delivery which characterised his earlier two albums. These two features stand out strongly on this record's best tracks - the lead off single, *Return to Yesterday*, and *The Ship Sails On* and the laid back tune, *Together*. Musically, *Lilac Time* successfully substitutes acoustic guitars, banjos, the occasional Hammond organ, the odd string arrangement, and only the most incidental massed choir for the overblown excess of Duffy's first two efforts. Wonderful pop.

J.W.

NEW MODEL ARMY Thunder and Consolation (EMI)

Thunder and Consolation, the latest effort from New Model Army, is not an album full of surprises. NMA do not disappoint, and are at their usual, cynical best, with doom and gloom lyrics to satisfy the most sullen and morose. At any rate, there's some pretty listenable tracks here, comparable even to the earlier *Killing the Bastards*, my absolute NMA favorite. Also some decent instrumentation, in particular on *Vagabonds* (note the violin), and *Green and Grey*. Other songs worth mentioning here are *Inheritance*, in which singer Justin Sullivan accompanies a rap-inspired rhythm with thoroughly enjoyable monotone vocals (turn this one LOUD), and the searing intense *Family Life*. There's enough different elements and variety of style combined to make this album an interesting one. What more can I say?? Excellent, easy listening from this socialist trio. Well worth checking out.

Deborah Bach

LOU REED New York (WEA)

Get ready for another walk on the wild side. On *New York* the Master of Muse covers politics, religion, drugs and poverty. Reed throws in doses of satire to offset and/or enhance his topics. His trademark chant-like voice remains unchanged throughout, as does the music. Rather than being boring, this is an advantage, for there is nothing to take attention away from the lyrics. And what lyrics they are.

If you listen closely, you can hear or sense, I don't know which, controlled despair in Reed's voice. It's easy to imagine Jack Nicholson's characters in *The Shining* and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* doing these songs. Weird and spooky.

Jess

THE BAMBI SLAM Long Time Comin' (12 Inch) (WEA)

Hands up everyone who thinks this is a great name for a band. Now, hands up everyone who played this record at 33 rpm by mistake and thought it sounded pretty cool anyway. *The Bambi Slam* admittedly remind one of many other bands practicing the *Jesus & Mary Chain/Skinny Puppy* mentality (sneal the guitars and pound the drums first, we'll invent lyrics later), but one more kid on the industrial-size-speaker block doesn't hurt me (if not my eardrums) one iota. This 12 inch contains three tracks, my favorite being *I and I* - maybe because it's the shortest song (I have a thing against songs that go on too long, especially if we've heard it all before) definitely because it's the fastest. A good sampling for those tortured souls debating whether to plunk down the bucks for the full-length album. Then again, for the name alone...

Annette

INSTED Bonds of Friendship (Wishing Well)

If *7 Seconds* had continued in the vein of their *The Crew LP*, they would have produced this. Good production, lots of Marshalls and lots of youthful yelling. This is a fine example of Straight-Edge Hardcore and its limited ideas about the moral superiority of all who smoke, drink alcoholic beverages, do drugs or partake in gratuitous sex. Good to play loud while skating your favourite half-pipe.

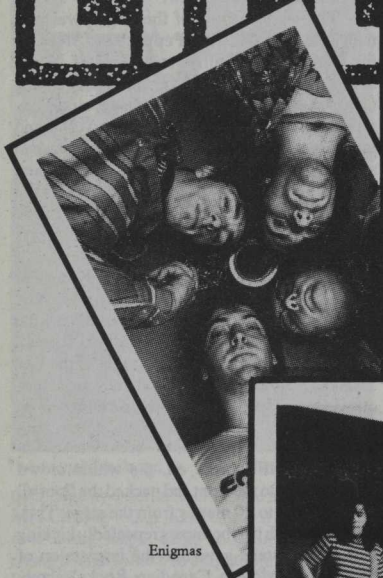
Chris Sharples

LIFE

Headless Horsemen



Enigmas



Vindicators
Photo Shannon Hale



Gruesomes
Photo: Greg Johnston

Today, with an electric guitar a teenager can not only make a big noise, but he can also make money. Starting out with a modest instrument to amuse himself, he soon finds that people - even friends - will pay to hear him play in a combo at their parties. So he moves up in the world, until he owns an electric marvel costing hundreds of dollars. Teen combos are fast becoming the country's most popular form of musical entertainment, and sales of electric guitars, along with the nation's decibel level, have nearly doubled each of the past few years.

The teenagers on this page, and thousands like them, haven't had a free Saturday night in months, and they wouldn't have it any other way. In combos of four or five, armed with electric guitars, supplemented by drums and an occasional electric organ, they have made play-

ing for their peers highly profitable. **Little Moses** and **the Choppers**, not pictured, receives 15 gig offers a week. During the past two years the group has netted \$2000, spent on a trip to Europe, eight shares of CBS stock and a Mod wardrobe. But, members of another combo admit, "We just like to play. Most of us would play for nothing." The players are usually top students - but they enjoy the new, Sonic-like prestige their music brings. "Sometimes when we walk down a street full of kids, everybody quiets down, and they just look," says Paul McKenzie of the **Enigmas**. "Man, that's fame." The combos, who charge \$25 to \$400 a night, play mostly at parties for other admiring teenagers. Occasionally, they also play for adults. Successful groups have their own business managers (for 10%), their own transportation, and their own

technicians who for free admission to the dance will cope with the one catastrophe that can silence any combo: a blown fuse.

The combos put a lot of imagination into their names, which, one performer says, should "Be original, sound cool, but not conceited." Here are some of the coolest:

- The Bird and the Worms
- Joe Banana and his Bunch
- Little Caesar and the Romans
- The Four Gone Conclusions
- What 4 ?
- The Hairy Things
- Studs and the Bearcats
- Deluxe and De Bagals
- Six and the Single Girl
- Jay Walker and the Pedestrians

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The Arts Club is back! I know this is month old news, but it's important and exciting month old news.

Fittingly, Curious George returned from hiding to re-open the club on March 17th and 18th. They played the 'last ever' Arts Club gig after the notorious Dayglo Abortions' display led to the closure of the Seymour street stage to unusual and up-and-coming musical acts. They also played there about a year ago as an unsuccessful test to resume regular Arts Club programming.

While the Arts Club returns as fine as before, Curious George has returned better than ever. Their already great live show has been improved by new songs which you will also be able to hear on a soon to be released album. This four piece skate-oriented band's gigs are always lively and friendly. In the past the lead singer has led an Indian-like dance around a burning skateboard. Harmless, hardcore fun. Just like their song Pitbull Attack and their cover of Cheap Trick's Surrender, during which the lead singer bounces around the stage and into the crowd.

Sunday, March 26th saw The Lux Theatre host a night of music and poetry featuring the one and only Jello Biafra and ex-Squamish Five member Gerry Hannah. After political poetry recitations by the Downtown East Side Poets, Gerry Hannah played folk songs on his acoustic guitar which will be released on a new album called Songs from the Underground.

Jello appeared on stage next wearing dark glasses and a leather trenchcoat. "SHUT UP! OBEY ALL ORDERS WITHOUT QUESTION! RELAX...EVERYTHING WILL BE

DONE FOR YOU!" he shouted, creating the atmosphere of a country under martial law. He held the crowd rapt for almost three hours, speaking on a range of topics all relating back to the situation of martial law.

The biggest show of the month was certainly the Red Hot Chili Peppers and SNFU at the Commodore Ballroom on Friday, March 31st. While SNFU's performance was not quite up to par, the Red Hots did not disappoint. They rapped and thrashed in front of about a thousand people packed on to the dance floor. Between shouting, "We hate Canadians!" and playing songs like Organic Anti-Beat Box Band the Peppers' famous California-style skate music and their "in your face" attitude came across loud and clear.

Society's No Fucking Use, Silly Noses For Unicorns. Social Norms are Fucking Useless. Sausages Never Fry Unevenly. Call them what you like, but any doubts about SNFU's greatness were erased the very next night at the Lux Theatre. They headlined a great line-up of Curious George, Desperate Minds and Ninth Configuration.

Once SNFU came on, the whole crowd surged to the front and packed the floor all the way back to 10 metres from the stage. This, combined with two bouncers repeatedly kicking kids off the stage gave one the impression of being at a 'Molson Canadian Rocks' show. While the idea of a beer company sponsoring an SNFU cross-country tour may seem ridiculous at first, their last two albums have created a large non-hardcore following. SNFU have not lost

Well, GoFour3's still in Toronto, and so is Tracy Brooks, singer for the Hip Type, and now there's a rumour that Oversoul 7's stranded there too, at least until they get some money together. (But of course I could be wrong.) Better news is that the Enigmas ought to be up to more things this summer—at the very least playing around more than they have been lately (which isn't saying much), but a third record is also a possibility (just don't count on it being much like the earlier two).

Now here's a sampling from this month's (75!) demos:

The Stickfigures - Razor's Edge

Now this tape's been around the station since February '88, long before the band even made it to the Shindig finals, so I'm sure it's not representative of their present sound. The truth is, I wish I'd heard it before I saw them play—this recording really captures some energetic, youthful pop elements, and reminds me a little of the long-gone Little Ratskulls—seeing them live, though, has always made me a little nervous, maybe just because they are so incredibly skinny.

Tin God - So Cold

This is my favourite song from Tin God so far—it's tight but powerful, and well produced with a really clean sound. And are Doug's vo-

cals sounding a little different?

The Wardells - 14,000 Showers

From their aptly named 6-song cassette, Back to the Drawing Board. The Wardells have had a tough time of it lately—their original drummer (Rich) has left them, as has their manager, and they're no longer working with Zulu Records either. But now new drummer "Dizzy" has joined Jeff and Jim Wardell, and besides this tape, I hear they've just recorded another demo, this time produced (as was their album) by the famous Bill Napier-Hemy. This band has never fit very well into either the "alternative" or "mainstream" scenes but aren't bothered by it, or even by the fact that their Victoria-suburban-flavoured humour sometimes tastes a little off to people from other places. Unfortunately, 14,000 Showers isn't as catchy and fun as a couple of other songs on the tape, like What's so Great About Marilyn? and Under the Johnson Street Bridge, but hey, it's worth a listen anyway.

Curious George - Pitbull Attack and Hell is in Hello

Now some people say that Curious George is the local band to watch these days, and there is definitely a good classic punk kind of sound and feel to this, in the style of songs like Slave to My Dick. Pitbull Attack is especially fun, with good hard riffs and even a mention of our



The Accused rock out, eh.

Photo: Mandel Ngan

their edge or entertainment value as lead singer **Mr. Chi Pig** (a.k.a. **Ken Chin**) was as wild as ever doing leaps, kicks and stunts including riding a huge inflatable alligator into the crowd. By the by, he was wearing an absolutely darling little pink two-piece skirt and blouse combination that was just to die for.

The Spores played the same night at the Arts Club, and supposedly it was their last ever

very own Province. And lines like "The only good reason to own a pitbull/Canadians aren't allowed to have pistols" give you a good idea of where these guys are coming from. (Somewhere cool, I think.)

The Fridge Magnets - Marilyn's Ghost Still Rides the Waves

First of all, I just can't resist a song with a title like this, and second, I have a weakness for surf instrumentals, which is what this is. While Marilyn's Ghost and probably none of the other songs on this **Surf Party** cassette break new ground, this is a fun summertime tape with all the necessary groovy guitar effects and even (on this song, anyway) the occasional eerie kind of spaghetti Western-type overtones. Three bands (who all share the same guitarist and bass player) contribute ten originals and one medley of eight surf-type hits — if this isn't for sale somewhere, it should be.

Hard Rock Miners - Jim Guroo

No one can accuse the Miners of being a band without a sense of humour — they call their sound "Top 40 from the Back 40" and play live with somewhere like seven guys and one girl all squeezed on one stage, all obviously having a great time. Unfortunately, especially in situations where the audience is almost as big as the band, sometimes the crowd doesn't seem to be having as much fun as the musicians,

gig. We'll miss 'em, but remember, it was April 1st.

Tupelo Chain Sex brought their wild 'n' crazy jazz/rock/punk act up from Hollywood to play **Club Soda** on Sunday, April 9th. They were billed as **Spot the Difference**, the name of their album featuring adjacent pictures of **Adolf Hitler** and **Ronald Reagan**. The band features a bouncy young singer (one of the strangest dancers I've ever seen) and a **Santa Claus** look-a-like wearing plaid polyester pants, a hawaiian floral print shirt and two wide and gaudy ties. He added a bizarre, jazzy feel with his tenor and soprano saxes.

Thelonious Monster used its energy to entertain a lucky few at the **Town Pump** on April 12th. Not as powerful as the Chilis nor as strange as the Tupelos, **Thelonious Monster** ranges from a light, harmonic style of hardcore similar to some **Circle Jerks** songs, to high energy blues. Opener **Tin God** is an energetic, four piece guitar band that doesn't play so loud the lyrics become unintelligible.

The only reason I'm even mentioning **Jane's Addiction** who were at the **Commodore** on April 15th is that they were greatly anticipated. It seems that lead singer **Perry Farrell** thinks he's hit big time before it's actually happened. The surprising thing about them was that they are from L.A. and actually succeeded in being boring. **The Bunk Pets**, the opener, were not boring. They play an excellent type of grungy, sub-pop. The final word on **Jane's Addiction** is that T-shirts were \$18 to \$28. Need I say more?

W. Whyte

which can be a bit of a problem. But while live they're loose, energetic, and almost overwhelming in numbers, here they're sparsely, cleanly, even minimally produced. There's something pure and sincere sounding about this tape, and it even includes a song I can't help thinking of as a **Led Zeppelin** cover (how embarrassing) — **Gallows Pole**. And if you go see them, watch for certain semi-famous parts of other bands making up the membership of this one.

Damage C'est Damage - Jealouside

(Pronounced, I'm told, like plain English "damage say damage".) DCD's recently hit #1 at **CiTR** with this song, recorded live on a 2-track. No, overproduction is not a problem here — there's quite a lot of noise and no discernible lyrics from this growling almost Iggy-ish voice, and a powerful rhythm section (driven by **Kerr Belliveau**, I think, who first came to Vancouver with the **Little Ratskulls** and has drummed for lots-o-bands since) gives **Jealouside** a real push.

The Nervous Fellas - Same Girl and Miss Pearl

I see from the cassette cover that the Fellas have joined with **Sam Feldman** et al (like so many others lately, it seems). Anyway, more of the same highly danceable stuff we've come to expect from them — what else can I say? (Rockabilly still is about the best thing to dance to on a date, you know.)

Janis

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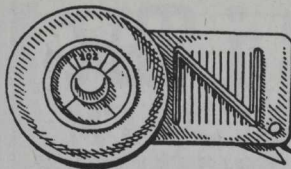
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29th: "Conference of the Birds" a latter-day classic with an all-star band led by premier bassist David Holland that includes saxophone innovators Anthony Braxton and Sam Rivers.

TUESDAYS

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 1:15-3:30PM

Country music to scrape the cowshit off your boots to. With yer host-poke, Jeff Gray.

TRANSFORMATIONS 3:30-5:00pm

Simplicity in Design, New Music, new views, new Beliefs, Old gods, Reinforcement and Negation. In words and pictures. Hosted by Kirby Scott Hill.

4th: Meredith Monk, a seminal force in New Music/Dance/Multi-Media.

11th: New Music, the latest from Venture, Gramavision, Nonesuch.

18th: "Rites of Spring" Revisited: a reprisal of significant works composed by turn-of-the-century composers: Strauss, Stravinsky, Poulenc, Cocteau.

25th: La Traviata

WEDNESDAYS

THE SPANISH SHOW 1:15-3:00

Music from Espanol and community events as well.

THIRTY THREE AND A THIRD 3-5:00PM

Two hours of the Hottest Vancouver Music.

B.C. FOLK 5:30-6:30PM

Listen to the thoughts and music of B.C. folk artists.

THURSDAYS

ARTS CAFE 5:30-6:00PM

In-depth arts analysis and general miscellany of commentary on the local arts scene with a concentration on theatre.

TOP OF THE BOPS 8:00-9:00PM

Fifties rock therapy heard across Canada, more or less.

CANCON JOB 9-10:00PM

The latest info on local bands and strictly Canadian tunes, along with the hottest playlist stuff.

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10:00pm-midnight

4th: ZaZa & Her Angels

11th: Pedestrian Sacrifice

18th: The Gruesomes from Montreal

25th: EARTHLING

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7:30							
8:00	THE CITR MORNING SHOW - BBC NEWS AT 8:00						
9:00	Breakfast with the Browns'	Linus Lovelace	Way Too Early	Bird Droppings	Mach I	The Saturday Edge	Are you Serious Music?
10:00				Fine Lines			
11:00		Pest Control		The Idealist Hour			
12:00	Soup de Jour						
1:00	CITR AFTERNOON REPORT: NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER					Power Chord	The Rockers Show
2:00	Total Harmonic Distortion	Blood On The Saddle	Spanish Show		Community Access		
3:00					Narduwar		
4:00		Transformation	Spike		Absolute Value of Noise	Megablast!	The Blues and Soul Show
		Tribes & Shadows					
5:00	NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER, GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT AND DAILY FEATURE					Deadly Doom	
6:00	Sports Digest	Betty & Veronica	BC Folk	Ars Cafe	Moving Images	Sat. Magazine	Sun. Magazine
7:00	Hot Pink		Spinsters	The Vinyl Frontier	Home Taping International	Hootenanny Saturday Night	Just Like Women/Electronic Smoke Signals
8:00		Neon Meate Dream		Top Of The Bops			
9:00	African Show			Can-Con Job	Stomp On That Boppa-Tron	Tunes 'R' Us	Playloud This Is Not A Test
10:00		The New Jennifer Chan Show	Permanent Culture Shock	Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell			
11:00	The Jazz Show						
12:00							
1:00					Soup Stock From The Bones of the Elephant Man	Radio Land	In The Grip Of Incoherency
2:00	Environmental Scatology	Aural Tentacles	The Knight After	Eating Vomit			
3:00						Sin-e-plex Nickelodeon	
4:00							

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:00AM-NOON
Schoenberg, Varese, Berio, Carter, Maxwell Davies, Bus-sotti, Scelsi, Xenakis, Schafer, Cage, Webern - Artistic Evel Knievels. Nouveau post-modern instrumental compositions in a classical vein.

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Reggae, Rock Steady, Soca and Ska.

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ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS 6:30-9:00PM
Information, news interviews and political analysis from the global cultures of resistance.
7th: Live round table debate from 1989 BC Environmental Network Congress.
21st: Alar's last show: "The Decline and Fall of Empires, Egos, & Eggheads" Heroes & Martyrs.

JUST LIKE WOMEN 6:30-9:00PM
Feminist news and analysis and a broad range of women's music.

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CiTR provides free airtime for Community Access by community groups and organisations. If your group would like to say something, please phone the CiTR Community Access Director, 228-3017.

SpinList

ARTIST	TITLE
LEGENDARY PINK DOTS	THE GOLDEN AGE
NEW ORDER	TECHNIQUE
CLOCK DVA	THE HACKER
GUADALCANAL DIARY	FLIP FLOP
MARSHMALLOW OVERCOAT	TRY ON THE...
THROWING MUSES	HUNKAPA
SILOUSIE & THE BANSHIES	KILLING JAR 1"
*FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY	DIGITAL TENSION DEMENTIA
THE PDIES	*MONKEY GONE TO HEAVEN 1"
VARIOUS ARTISTS	SUBPOP 200
MORRISSEY	LAST OF THE FAMOUS
LOVE AND ROCKETS	MOTORCYCLE 1"
ROBYN HITCHCOCK AND...	QUEEN ELVIS
UPTOWN	DOPE ON PLASTIC 1"
NASTY BOX INC.	CASH
LOU REED	NEW YORK
XYMOX	OBSESSION 1"
BLACK SUN ENSEMBLE	LAMBERT FLAME
*VARIOUS ARTISTS	MR. GARAGE'S NEIGHBOURHOOD
BARRY ADAMSON	THE MOSS SIDE STORY
THE DEAD MILKMAN	BEELZABUBBA
WEE PAPA GIRLS	THE BEAT, THE RHYME, THE NOISE
*NOMEANSNO	SMALL PARTS ISOLATED...
N.W.A.	STRAIGHT OUT OF COMPTON
PSYCHIK T.V.	ALLEGORY AND SELF
VIOLENT FEMMES	S
*S.K.F.B.	BETTER THAN A STICK IN...
CICCONO YOUTH	WHITTY ALNUM
*THE STRATEJACKETS	ARE YOU CRAZY
DAGMAR KRAUSE	TANK BATTLES
THE DESCENDANTS	HALLRAKER LIVE
HE SAID	TAKE CARE
K-9 POSSE	S/T
PANKOW	ART AND MADNESS
SMERSH	THE PART OF THE ANIMAL...
*IHC	LIKE 90
JUST ICE	THE DESOLATE ONE
THELONIOUS MONSTER	STORMY WEATHER
THE BEVIS FROND	TRITCH
SKIN YARD	HOLLOWED GROUND
SLAMMIN' WATTUSIS	KINGS OF NOISE
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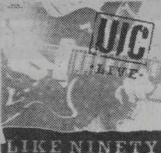
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HOLY BAD TRIP, BATMAN!

When you catch yourself thinking, "I'm mellow as Hell", you gotta start to wonder. Every day — even as we speak — the language is being devalued — particularly in the colloquial realm. Nifty slang becomes cliché overnight.

To wit, even that wonderful alliterative phrase "Hip and happ'nin'" — the byword, if you will, of disenfranchised youth, has been milked for all it's worth. My own example above represents the situation quite accurately. "Hell" is dead of overuse. "Hell" has left the building... Hell is all-pervasive. In fact, in order to be considered Hip and happ'nin', the catchphrase Hell must take a front seat in your vocabulary.

Ah yes. The emasculation of the mother tongue. (Wait a minute there...) Some might reason that colloquial talk by very definition thrives on clichés. Feeds on the fertile ground of cool expressions and shits out unglorified lumps of banality. Others might think, "Who gives a fuck about all this language crap anyway?" Fuck. Now there's a perfect example. Admittedly, in the right context it can still pack a powerful punch (no, not the act, the word itself), but sadly, this once-famed expletive is another victim of mass marketing. Ya wanna see something taken to its furthest logical extension, check out Blue Velvet. (Actually more than just the word fuck is taken there, but hey.)

I remember in Grade Eight when the cool phrase just entering widespread usage was "Excellent!" (heavy emphasis on the "ex" there), sitting in my English classroom while my teacher, a kinda groovin' guy, expounded his fears about this burgeoning popularity. "I mean, after 'Excellent', what is there? What'll we use when 'Excellent' has lost its meaning because of overuse?!" A man of foresight. Today, "Excellent" languishes on the back burner, though still possessed of a certain suave polyester-like early '80's quality. (NB—Whoops, since this article was written, Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure has resurrected the term plunging this paragraph into obsolescence. Revenge of Excellent...)

Let us backtrack to the God/Hell thing. Yep, even God, that venerable dude, is getting the short end of the stick. It has got to the point where, in an effort to convey supreme greatness, a band was the other day described as being "beyond God". This leaves us in a state of severe theological quandary, being as how, if a thing is beyond God, "God" is stripped of any relevance he may once have possessed. Maybe the speaker meant "out of this world", but I dunno about the concept of anything being beyond God. Not unless one has read much too much Nietzsche.

Some words, notably "cool" and the aforementioned "fuck", have to all intents and purposes wormed their way into household-word status. (Like it or not, all you right-wing fundamentalist Disorder readers.) Attempts to mitigate this effect, such as coining the phrase "Cool as all Hell", have their own shortcomings. "Sin" is in the limelight as simile of the month but

again, we are faced with the problem of there being nothing beyond sin to which we could later resort.

Granted, a lot still has to do with timing. And delivery. A good, hearty "Fuckdunno" still beats the pants off a host of contenders.

But then we're faced withretch-inducing variants from the rich suburbs like "Fuck a duck" and "Poo on a stick". The former might perhaps earn redemption if looked upon as a hostile reaction to the duck sweatshirt craze, but unhappily since that craze incorporates the word "fuck" (except with a D), this cannot be. Take soap to your mouth if ever you hear yourself using the latter term (Or eating it...)

On the other hand, expressions which gits introduce into the vernacular often stand us in better stead than their in-crowd equivalents. Examples: "harsh", "dude" (sometimes preceded by a mind-bendingly innovative "Hey"), "chick", "rockin'", "fucken-A", even "unreal" still retains a certain cachet. And phraseology like "Howzit hangin'?", "Rock on!", "Ya! Slayer kick ass!", and the classic "You got 'er", I draw the line at "party hearty". But hey, if it was never cool to say it in the first place, there's less chance of suddenly waking up and realising "God, I'm uncool!"

Sometimes it's fun and trippy to flashback to the idioms of one's childhood and/or early adolescence. "Grab a reality pill" was right up there for a while and in fact remains a guilty pleasure of mine. And that ever-impressive, level-headed comeback, "I know you are, but what am I?" Or the scathing sarcasm conveyed by statements like "It's not cold in here or anything, NAAAA!" And "My name's Sense, I'm not made." (That last one courtesy of my brother, who as a youngster when ordered "Don't do that" would respond "Make me not!" Kid has always had problems.)

But, nostalgia ain't what it used to be. All these handy-dandy rehashed hippy terms, you know, "groovin'", "bad trip/drugs/acid", the ubiquitous "hip and happ'nin'", they're all kind of tired-sounding. I notice however that "slick" is coming into ascendance, as an adjectival stamp of approval; probably another sign that the '70's are due to come back in vogue any day now. I mean, "SLICK". Can't you just picture it right up there with "AKS-ellent"? It's glorious.

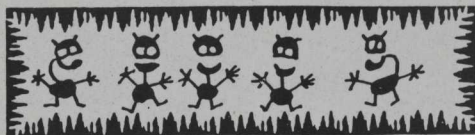
So, like, aaaaaaaahh... what's the prognosis for slang in the '90's? (What's the prognosis for my getting speech therapy, might be more to the point...)

There is hope ahead. As evinced by the coining of futuristic new terminology like "groovin'-ness", "tou-fucking-che" and "Tantamount to God", there are yet patches of fertility in the terrible wasteland of generic English. Too, one can always fall back upon the git phrases which have so well stood the test of time (see litany above). Unfortunately, I think it's too late for Hell.

Viola Funk

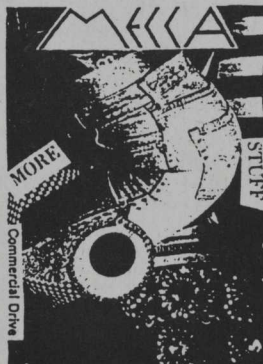
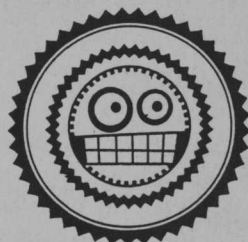
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